

abandoning new tragedies, to leave in the
 end only a
 heap of fragments. Upon them both lay the
 curse of
 Reuben: 'Unstable as water, thou shalt not
 excel/ Seeing
 them side by side, we may fancy a new
 meaning in the
 anguished cry of the poet's Torrismond:

O father, father,
 Take off my youth, unwrap me of my years,
 And hunt me up the dark and broken past
 Into my mother's womb: there unbeget me;
 For till I'm in thy veins and unbegun,
 Or to the food returned which made the
 blood
 That did make me, no possible lie can ever
 Unroot my feet of thee.